

No. 3

LUCKY

COMICS

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WINTER

F.D.C.



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HAREM CO., (House of Rings)
30 Church St., New York 7, N. Y.—Dept. T-267



1. Ladies' Wedding Band with 7 brilliant simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting, or yellow gold color.



2. Handclasp Friendship Ring Yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



3. Friendship Band, Yellow or white gold color effect mounting or sterling silver.



4. Friendship Ring, solid mount. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting or sterling silver. In the smart, popular sweetheart design.



5a. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring with brilliant simulated diamond in center. Hard to tell from genuine diamond. White gold color effect.



6a. Man's Ring set with green stone in carved design on shank. White gold color effect.



7. Love & Friendship Ring Gold sterling silver with 2 hearts linked beautifully engraved. Forget-me-not.



8. Child's Ring set with clear stone. White or yellow gold color effect.



9. Man's ring with brilliant simulated diamond (simulated) in center and 2 simulated sapphires on each side. White gold color effect mounting.



10. Child's Signet Ring, Yellow or white gold color effect.



11. Wedding Ring, Gold and Rose design. White gold or yellow color effect, or sterling silver mounting.



12a. Man's Ring set with single brilliant simulated diamond. White gold color effect.



13. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with brilliant simulated diamond in square mounting. Yellow or white gold color effect.



14. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with brilliant simulated diamond with smaller stones.



15a. Man's Ring set with two simulated diamonds. White gold color effect.



16a. Man's Signet Ring—Yellow gold color effect. Just a hint of the character of a diamond.



17a. Ladies' Cluster Style Ring with 8 clear, brilliant simulated diamonds set in a cluster. White gold color effect. Paved mounting.



18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring, White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver. Be sure to give birth month for proper color of stone.



19. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring, White gold color effect, or sterling silver.



20. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring with brilliant simulated diamonds in yellow gold color effect mounting.



21. Man's Ring with brilliant simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.



22. Ladies' Solitaire engagement ring with large brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow or white gold color effect.



23. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring with brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



24. Love & Friendship Ring Gold sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as wedding ring.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



26. Man's Ring with large simulated Ruby also in assorted colored stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



27a. Man's Military Engagement Ring—Large simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



29a. Ladies' Military Ring—Large simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



30. Ladies' Military Ring—Large simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



31a. Large center stone Ring—Gold leaves. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



32a. Ladies' Ring with beautiful diamond (simulated). Yellow or white gold color effect.



33. Man's Signet Ring, Gold mounting.



33a. Ladies' Dinner Ring with large simulated stones. Brilliant simulated diamond in center surrounded by smaller stones. White gold color effect.



37a. Love & Friendship Ring—Gold sterling silver. White gold color effect, or sterling silver.



38a. Ladies' Solitaire Ring—Brilliant simulated diamond. White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring—Sparkling simulated diamond. White gold color effect mounting.



40. Man's Signet Ring, White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



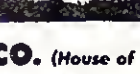
41. Ladies' Wedding Band—Yellow or white gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



43a. Man's Wedding Ring—Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



44a. Wedding Band Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



45a. Cross Hair Ring—Gold. Made from the metal of the Cross. Fine metal polished to a beautiful cross shape and set with simulated pearl. These rings are highly prized by the natives of South Africa. There's a legend that Good Luck always follows the Cross.



46a. Man's Ring with large center stone. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



47. Ladies' Wedding Band—Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



48. Wedding Band Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.

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Name

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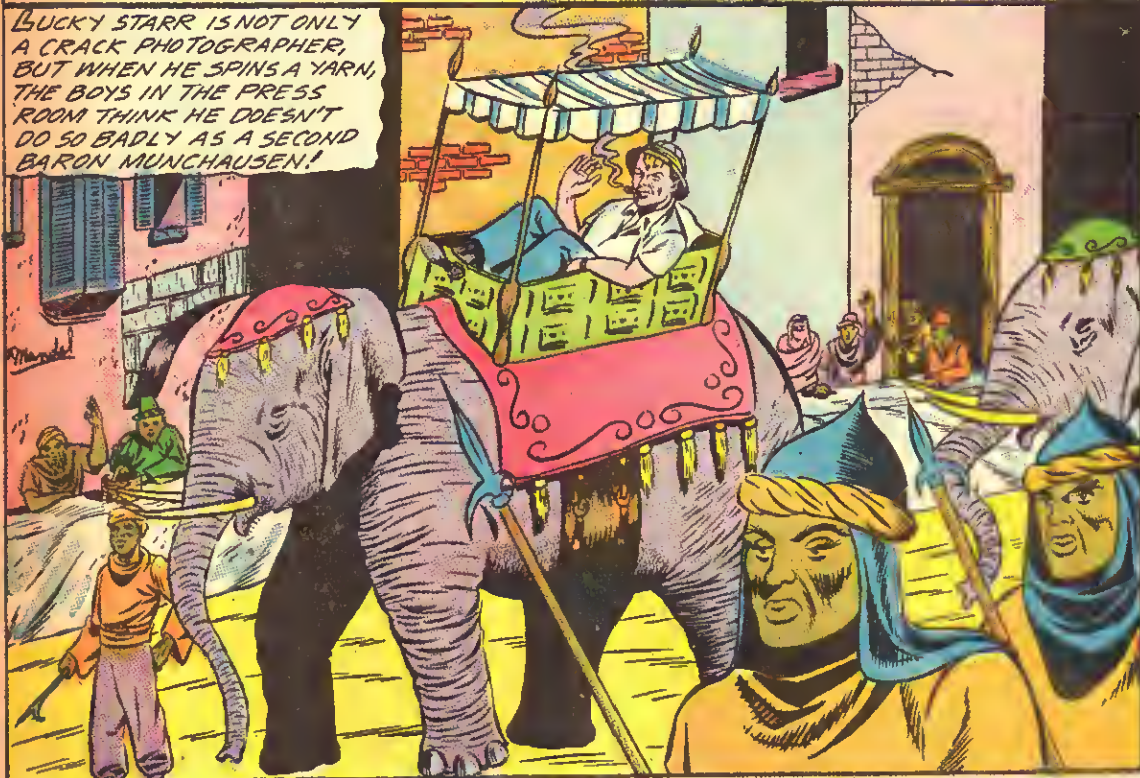
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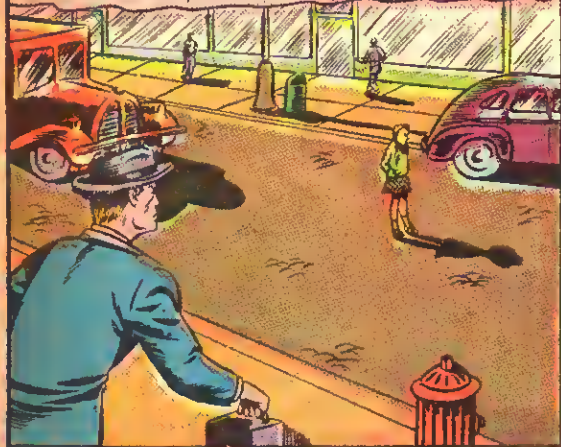
LUCKY STARR

Copyright 1945, by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC.

LUCKY STARR IS NOT ONLY A CRACK PHOTOGRAPHER, BUT WHEN HE SPINS A YARN, THE BOYS IN THE PRESS ROOM THINK HE DOESN'T DO SO BADLY AS A SECOND BARON MUNCHAUSEN!



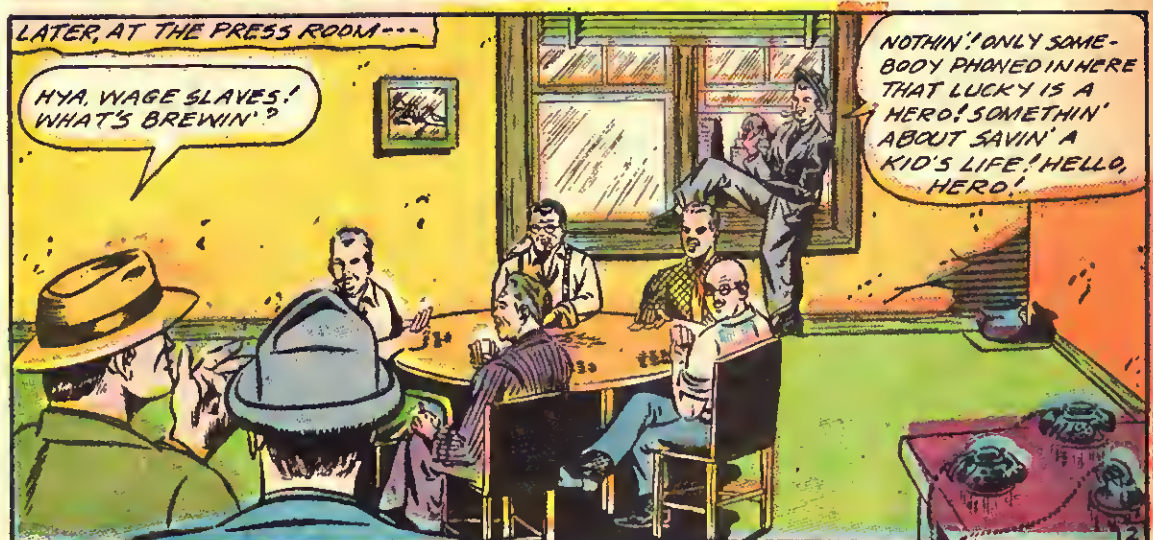
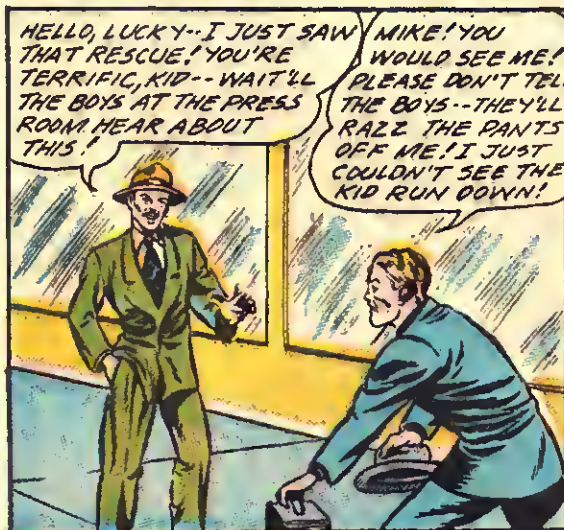
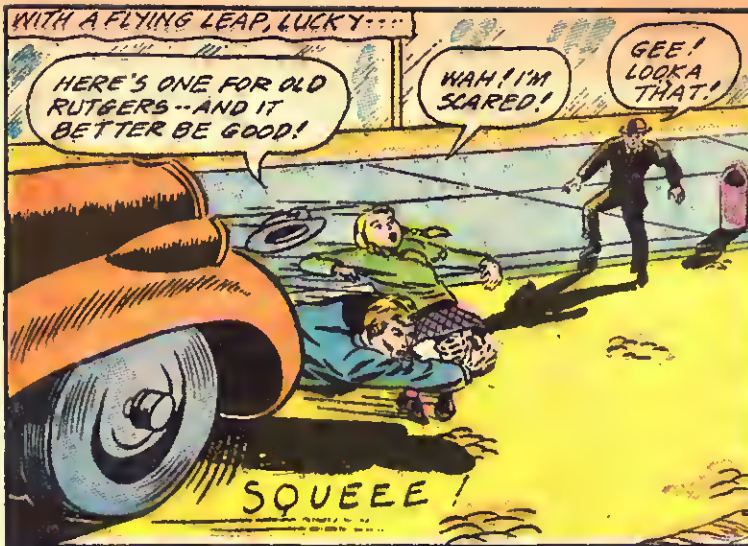
ONE DAY, JUST LIKE EVERY DAY, LUCKY IS ON HIS WAY TO THE PRESS ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WHEN ----

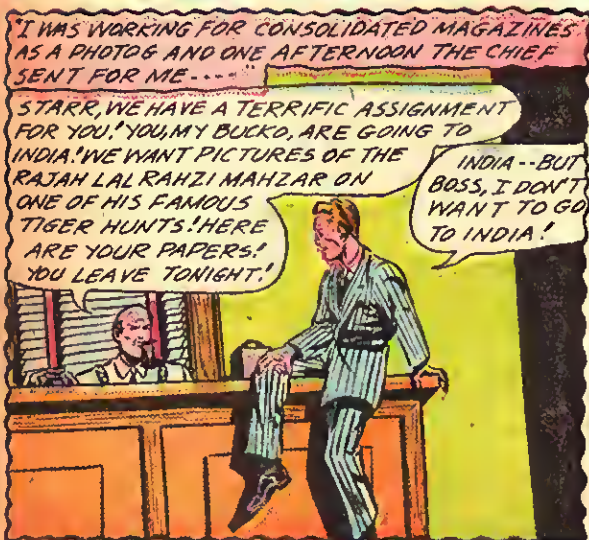
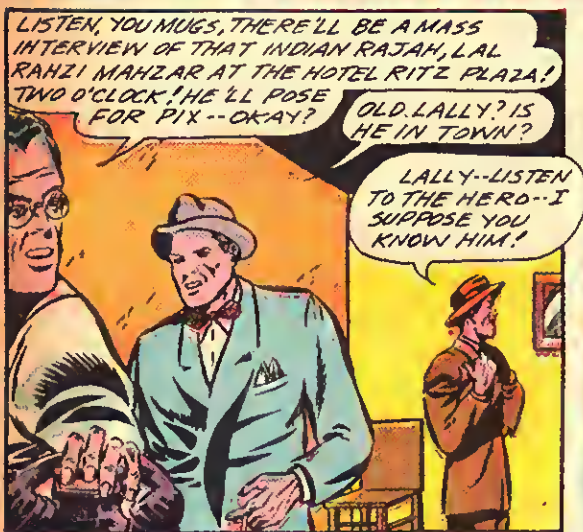


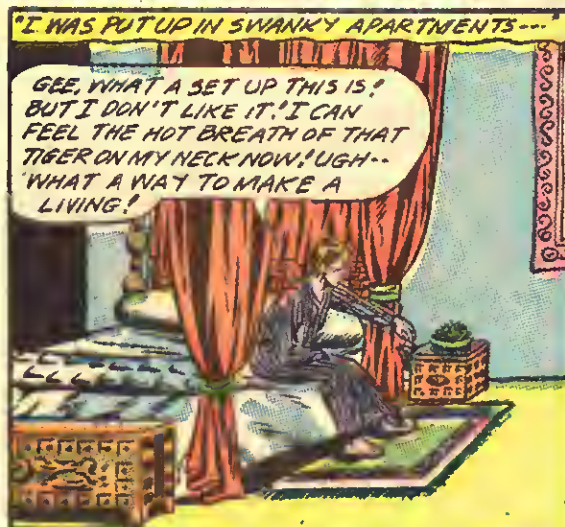
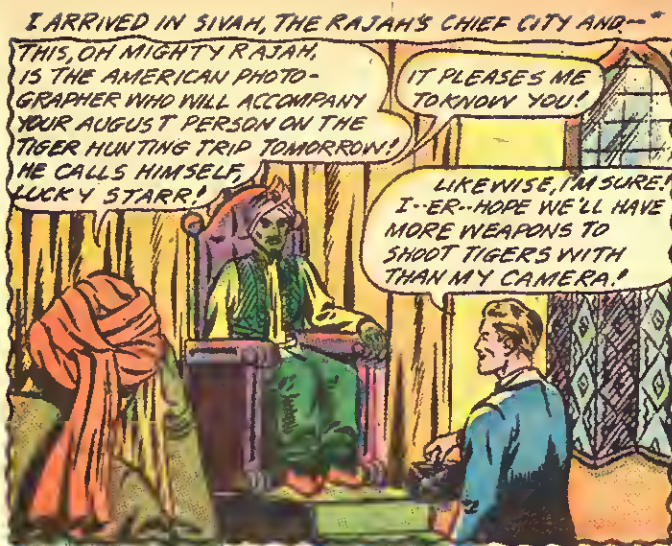
EEK!
SOMEBODY DO
SOMETHING!

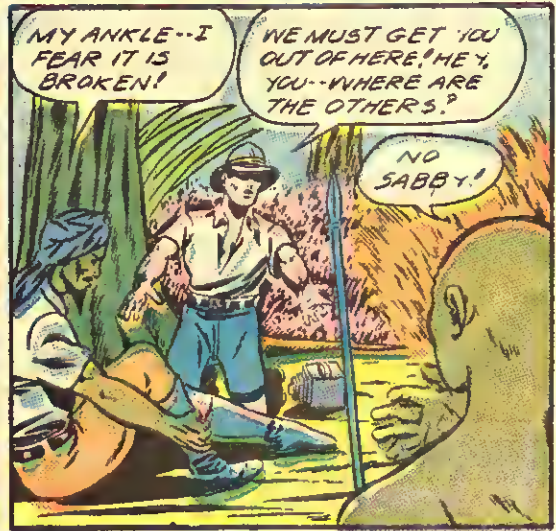
I'LL PUT MY
CAMERA DOWN
AND TRY TO
SAVE THE KID!



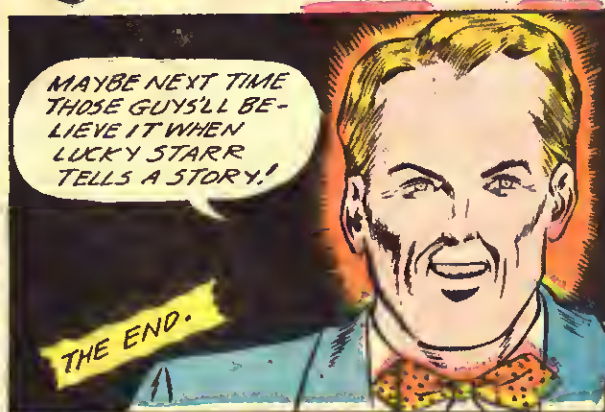


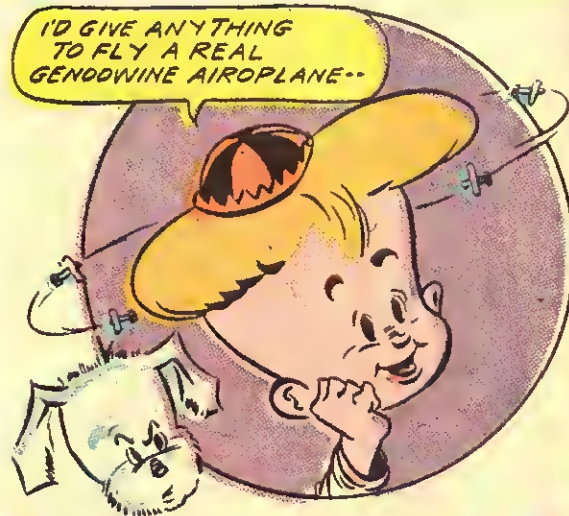
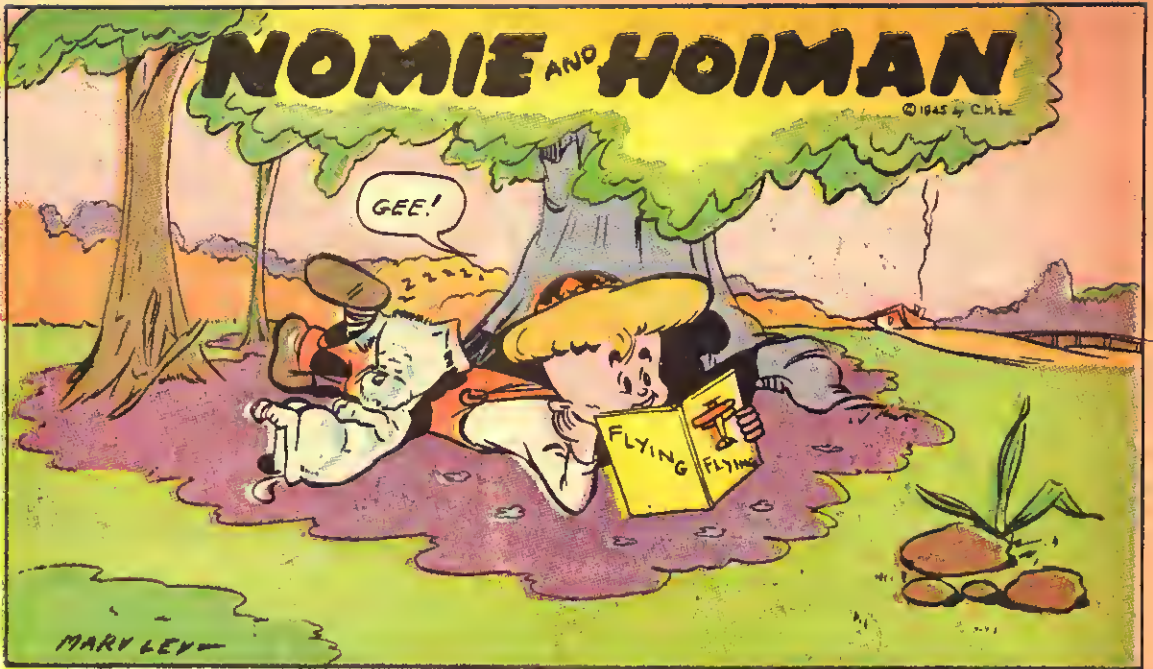






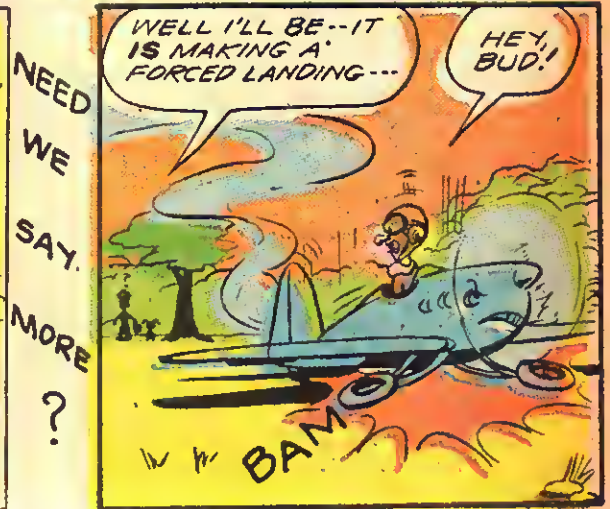
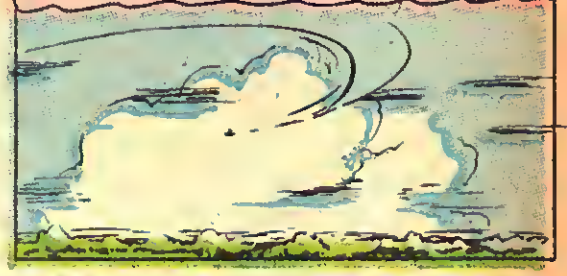


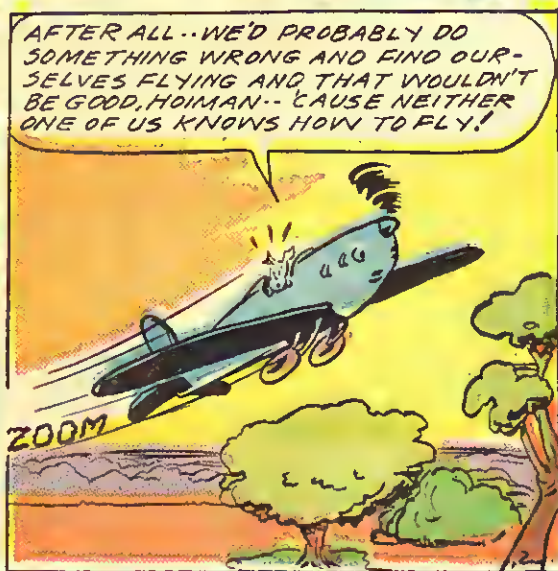
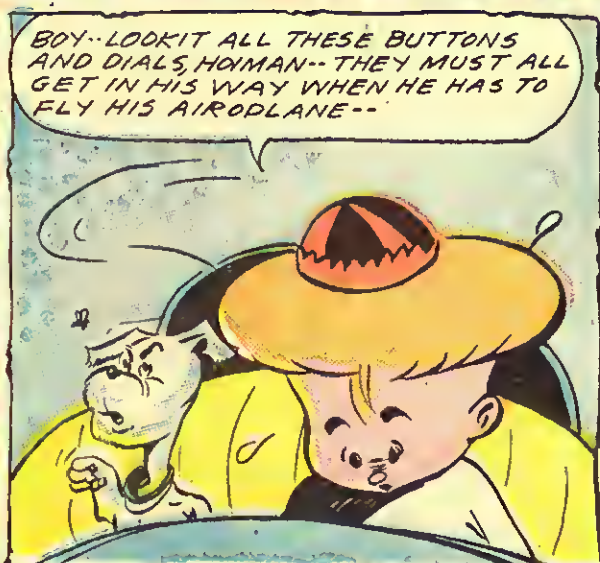
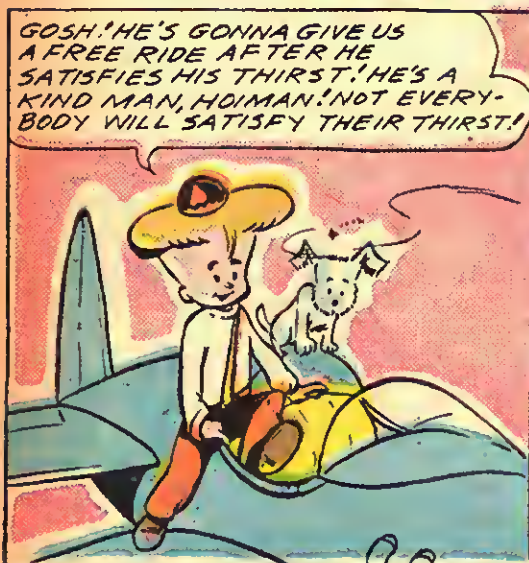
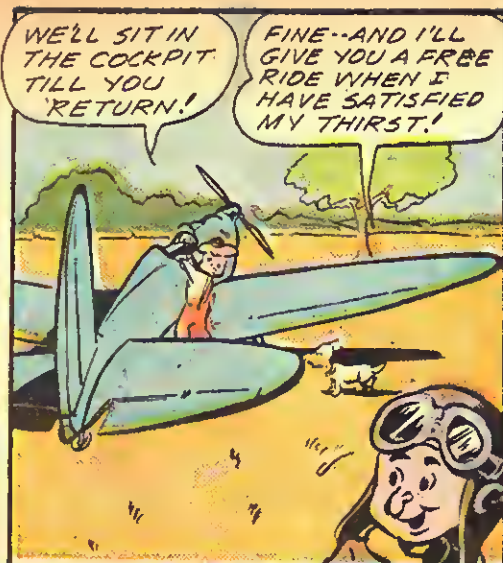
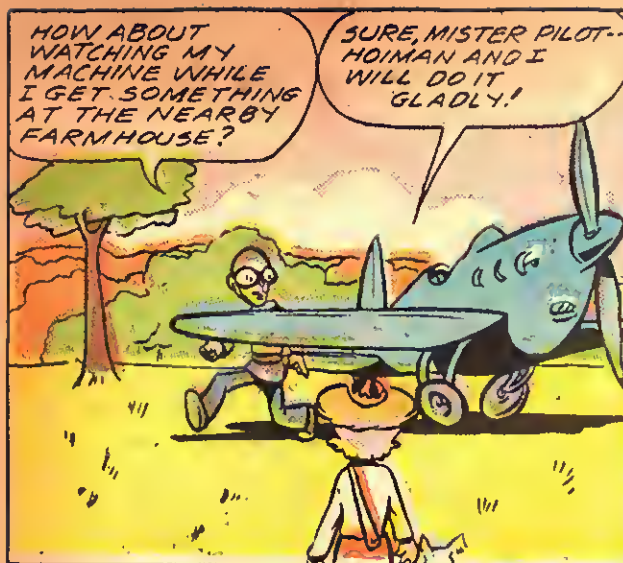


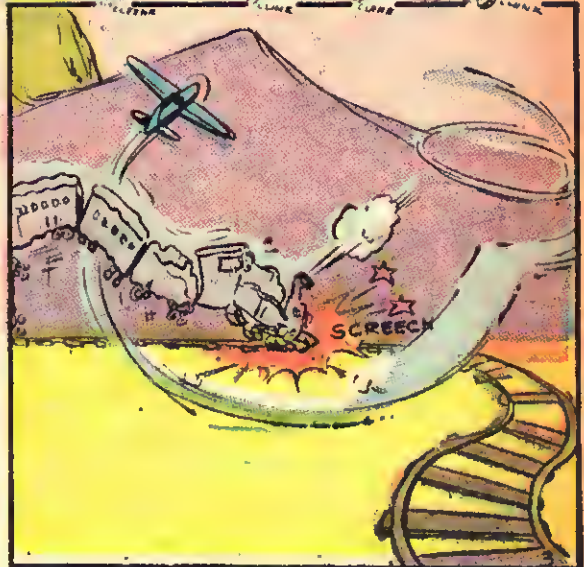
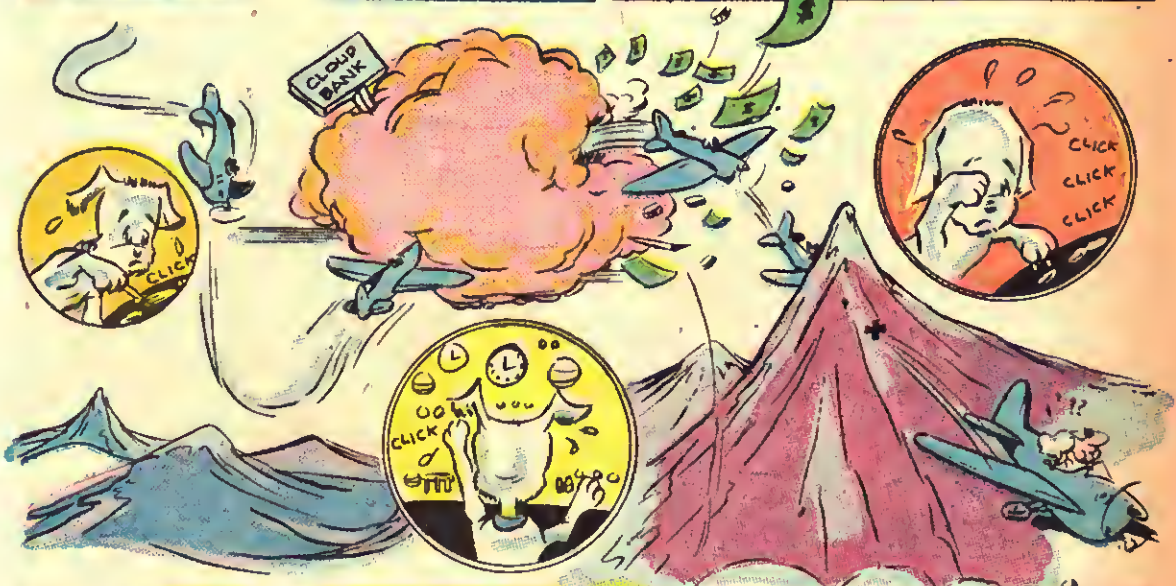
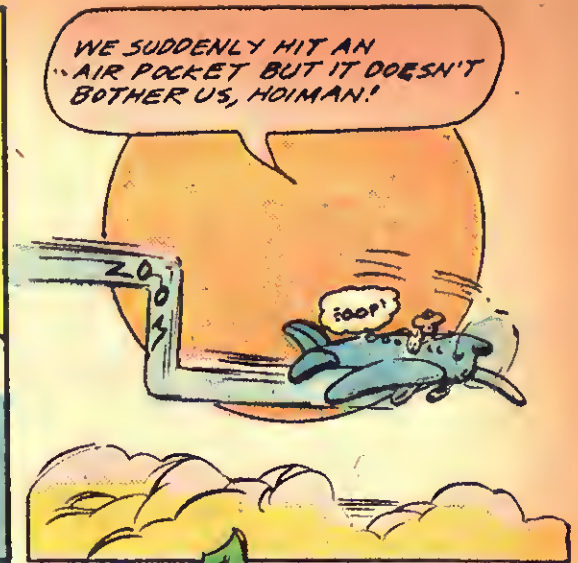
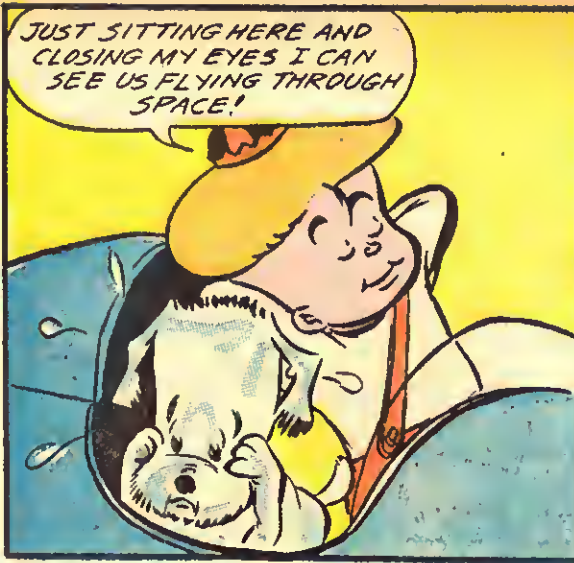


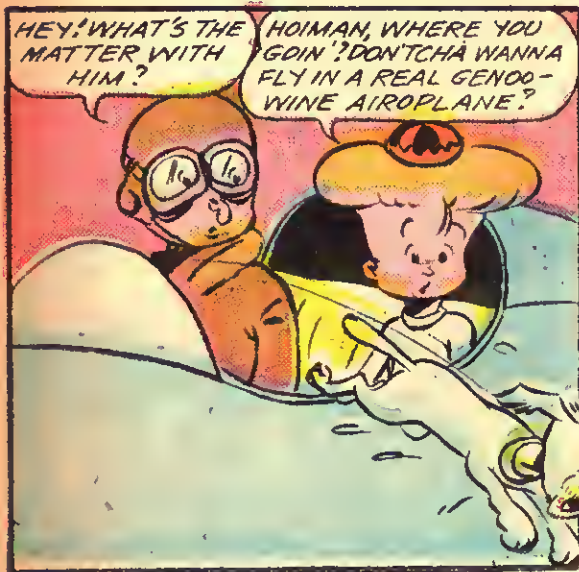
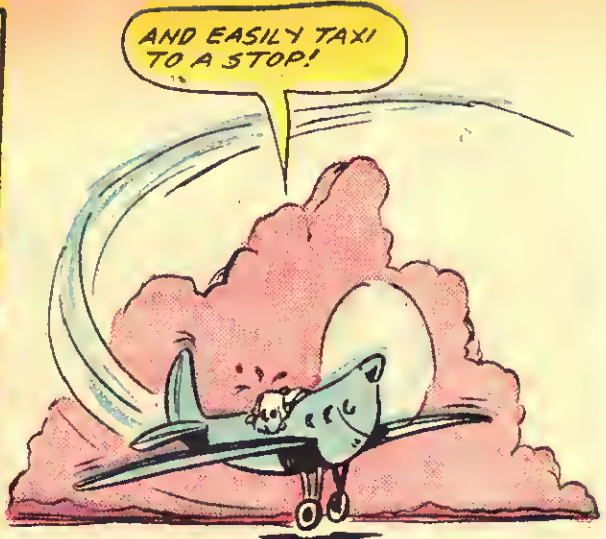
DEAR READER; SINCE THIS STORY IS NO DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF THEM, OBVIOUSLY A REAL GENDOWINE AIROPLANE MUST ENTER THE STORY-- SO, WITHOUT FURTHER ADD, THIS IS THE AIROPLANE NOMIE WAS TALKING ABOUT--IT ENTERS THIS SILLY PLOT IN THE NEXT PANEL -

-ED.



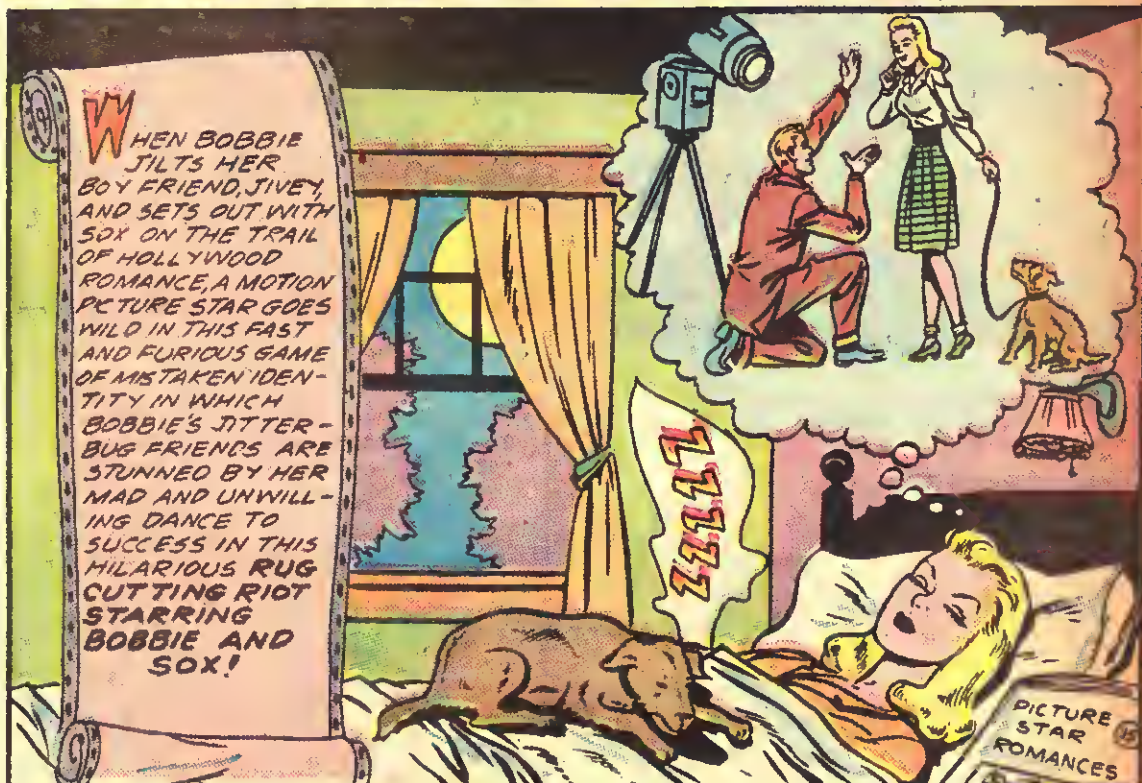


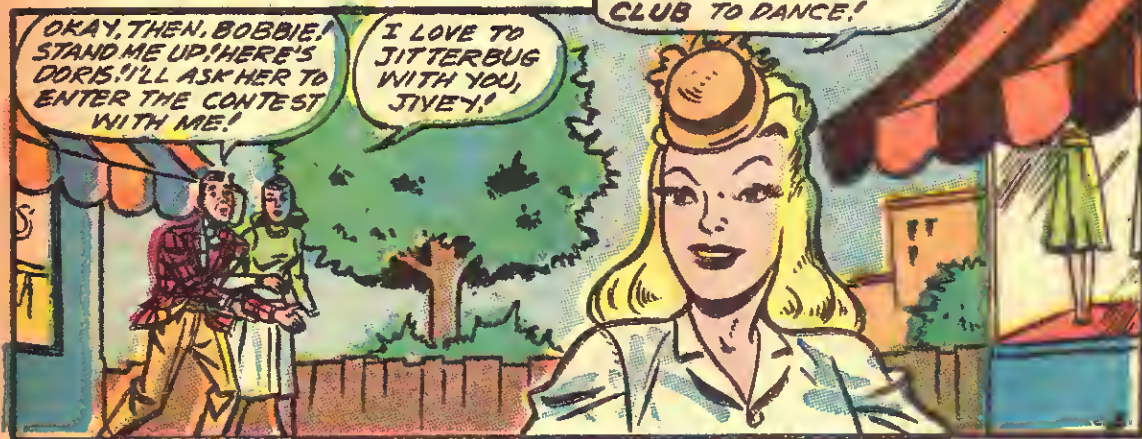
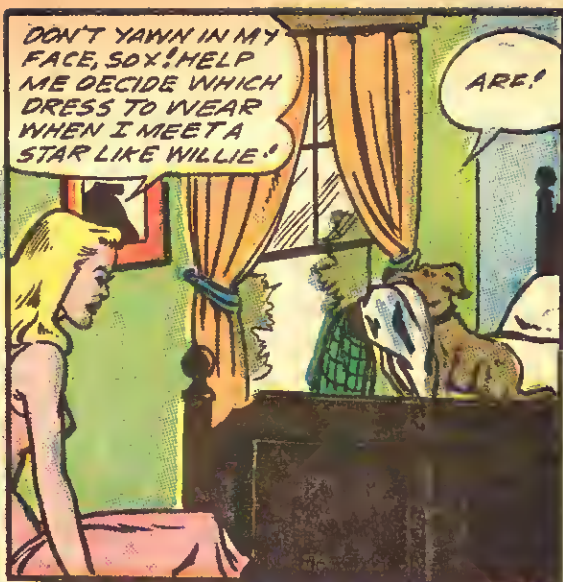
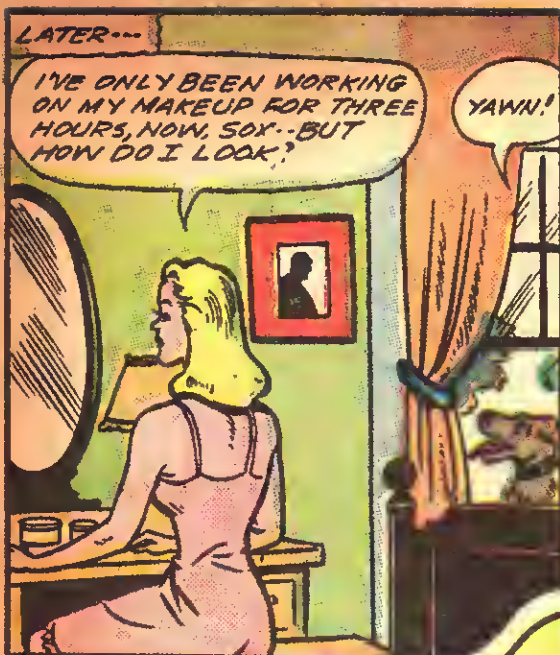


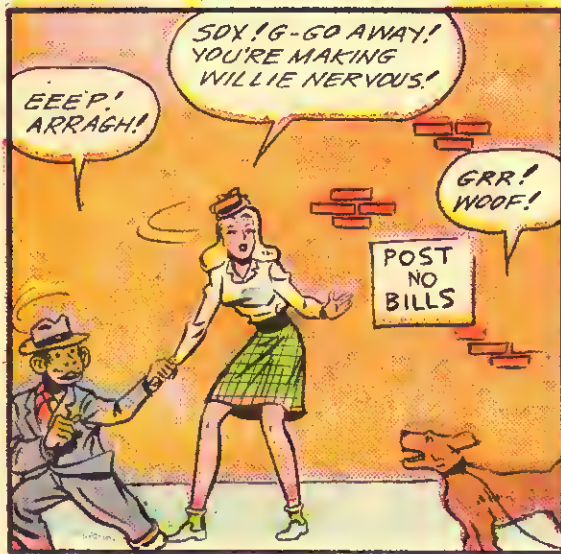
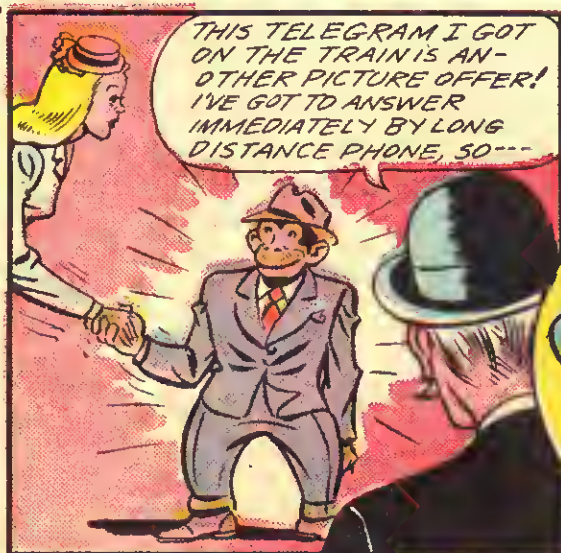
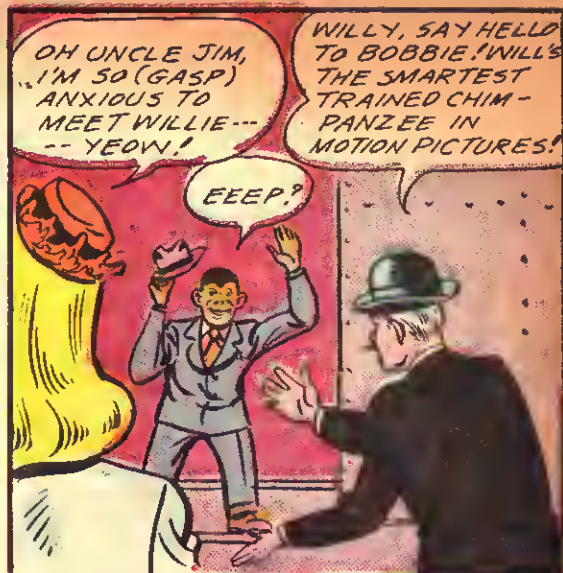
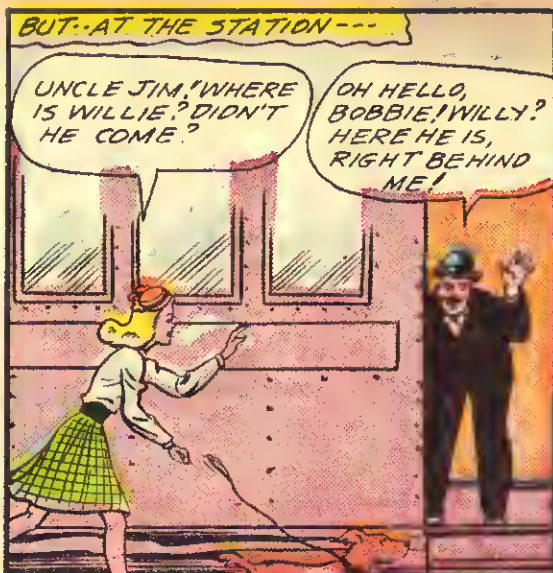


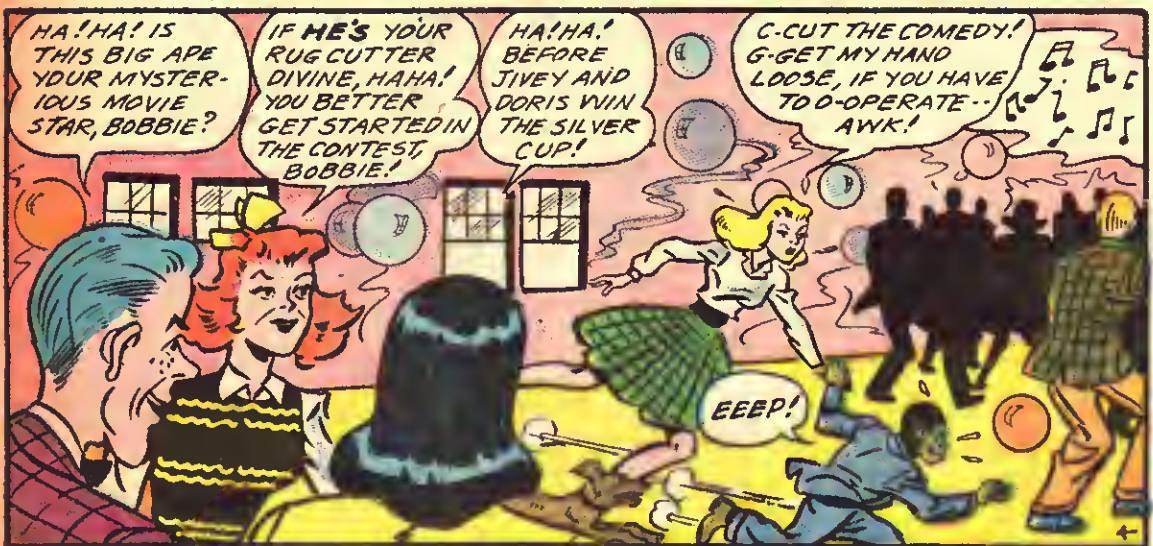
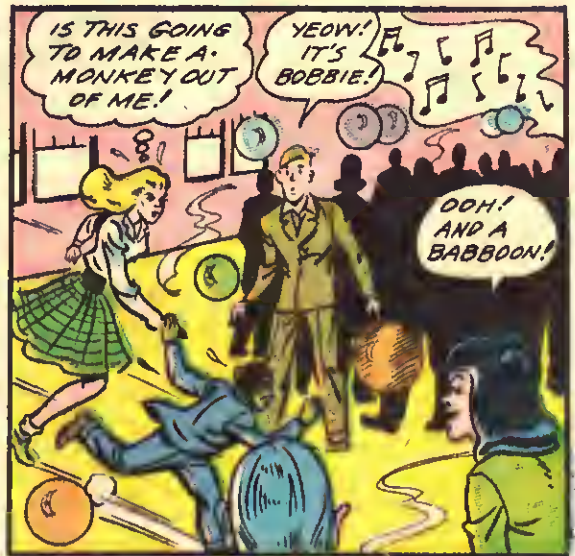
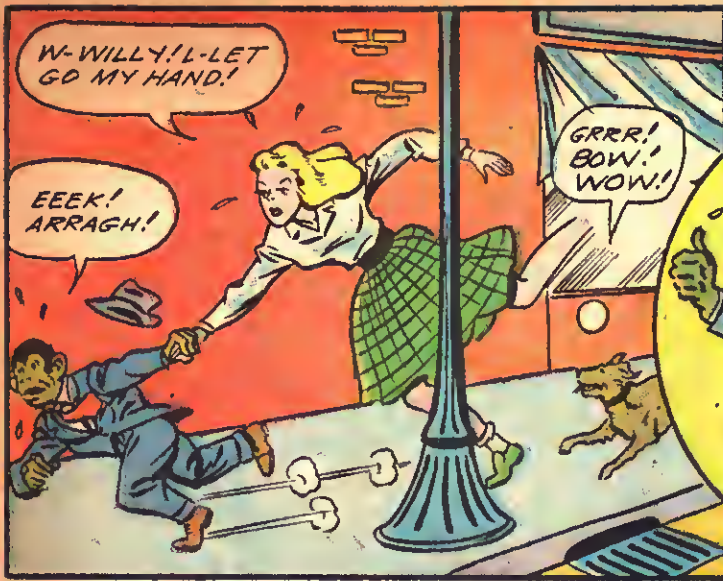
Bobbie and Sox

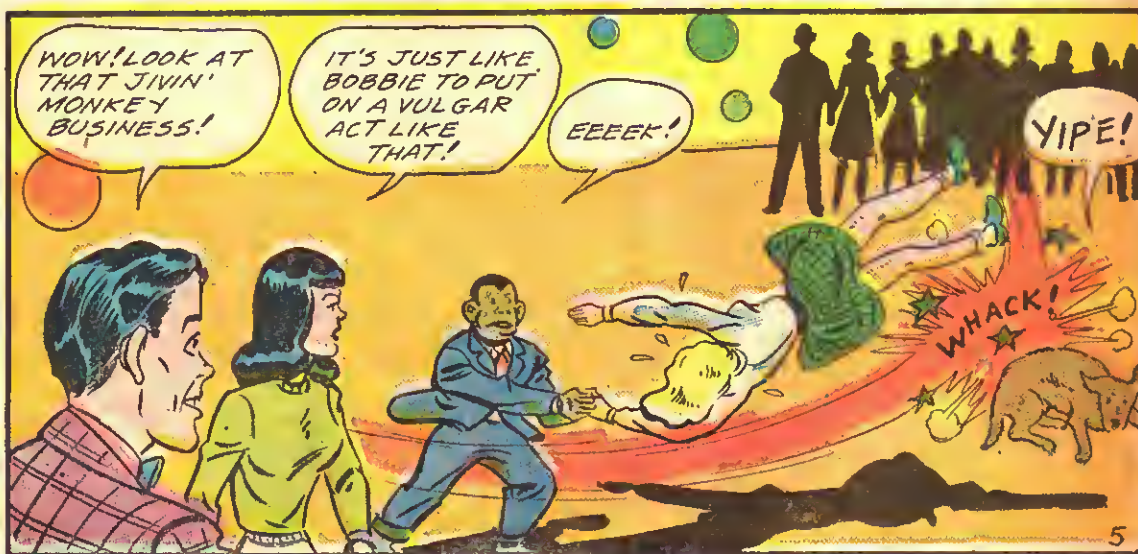
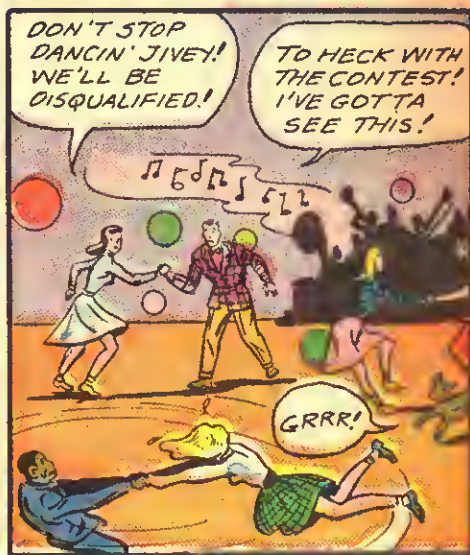
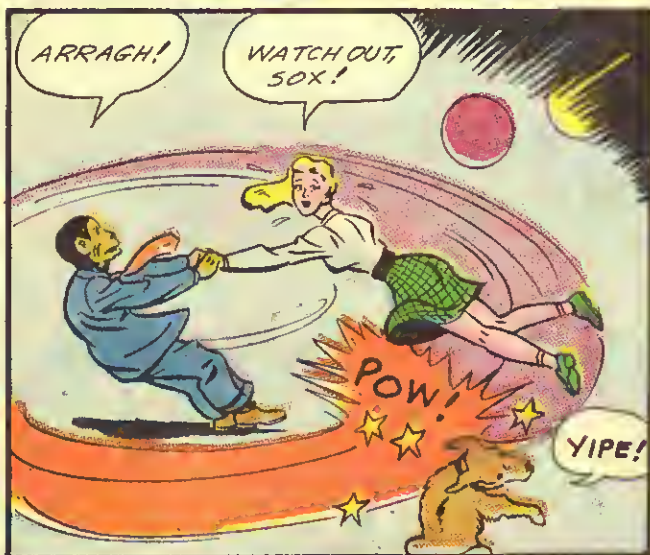
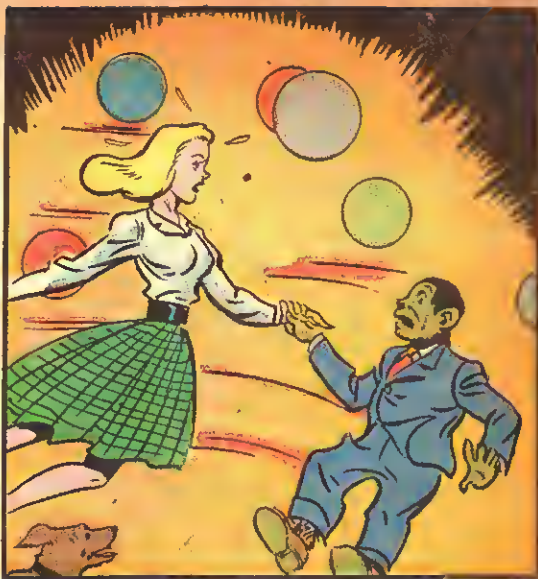
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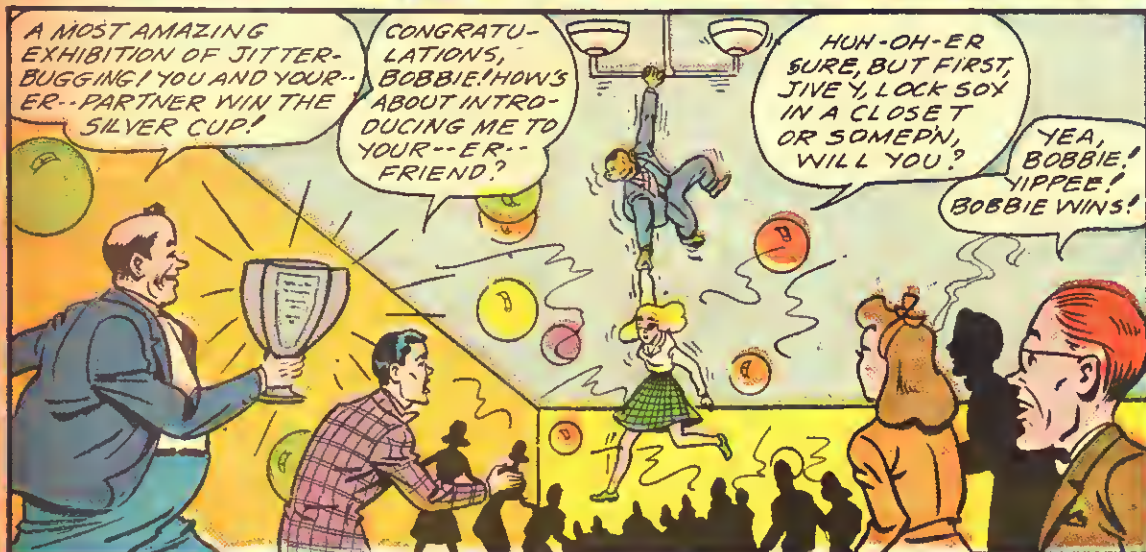












Instinct of Blue

EVERYBODY at camp liked big Charlie Horn. He was easy-going, friendly and good natured, the sort of guy who got along anywhere, any time. And yet Charlie never mixed much with the other members of the logging crew. He did his share of work and often helped others out. But he never quite got to the point of making actual friends with anyone. Unless maybe it was the half-wild dog. Charlie called her Blue.

"She's really stuck on you," someone told Charlie. "You'll never get rid of her now."

But Charlie treated her just about the same as he treated the others. Helping her was the same as helping anyone else, and he did it as a matter of course.

No one knew where Blue had come from. She was just there one morning, following Charlie everywhere he went. That first day her ribs stuck out like barrel staves, and it was a week or more before she began to put on weight and fill out. Chow wasn't too plentiful and everyone knew Charlie gave part of his grub to her. She wouldn't have anything to do with anyone else.

It was pretty evident Blue at least, had lost a true friend the day the steam jenny blew up and Charlie Horn got the works. Blue was close by, as usual, and when it happened she was the first one to reach Charlie. She stayed put. Teddy Anderson was pretty clever with a rope, and finally dropped a noose over her head and got her out of the way.

When they lugged Charlie to the first aid shack, his condition was serious. All they could do was radio Port Richards for help. Twelve hours later a plane took Charlie Horn away.

For a few hours afterward everyone was too busy remembering the little things Charlie Horn had done for just about everyone, from part of their work at times to letter writing, although Charlie's own hand wasn't much to boast about.

When finally they untied Blue she circled the camp, stopped at the first aid shack, and then made tracks for the hills.

"That's that," Teddy Anderson whispered. "Too bad she couldn't have gone with Charlie. I guess—they're both out of luck!"

BLUE kept up a steady trot. The sky was clear, the sun warm. The woods about her were full of wild life and birds, but Blue wasn't having any right now. There was a definite objective in her mind and she worked west unerringly and without faltering. No telling how she knew which way to go. It was just one of those things. But she was going somewhere and it was in the right direction.

Late that night she turned aside and probed the woods. Charlie had fed her well at the expense of his own appetite, and now Blue was strong and healthy. She moved like a shadow, silently, swiftly, and it wasn't long before she surprised a rabbit, and pounced upon it.

Blue ate a hearty meal, then turned southwest once more. She traveled part of that night. The moon came up, rolling slowly across the night sky like a round ball of yellow fire. The wind was a whisper in the fur and spruce and finally, precariously close to exhaustion, Blue found a place in a windfall and curled up to sleep.

The sun was just sneaking over the hills when Blue crawled out of her resting place and stretched. The air was sharp with the chill of night and for a brief time Blue stood sifting the different smells with her sensitive nose. Autumn was not far off and already the bite of it was in the air, along with the tingling frost in the hard-crusted earth.

Warily Blue struck out. She traveled more slowly at first, often foraging off into the woods in search of food. An unwary rabbit again provided that. Blue drank at a stream, splashed across to the opposite bank, and continued upon her way.

LATER that day she caught the smell of wood smoke, and slipped soundlessly into the surrounding woods. She followed the smell downwind until she reached a clearing. She looked out upon the camp there, watched the motions of the half-breed Indian. Something stirred inside Blue and she settled down

upon her haunches to watch. She saw another dog about the camp, but something warned Blue against showing herself, and presently she slipped away toward the west.

There was frost that night. The hunting was poor and Blue went hungry. The moon rolled up into the sky and late that night, as she was seeking a place to sleep, she heard the sound back in the hills.

It was lonesome and fearful, and Blue's body trembled faintly, while the hair rose on the back of her neck. The sound died out and then came again, the eerie, lonesome cry of a wolf. Later on from the north came an answering cry, and Blue slunk deeper into a windfall and lay there, trembling a little, listening to the growing strength of the cry. Instinct warned her of danger. The wolf pack was forming to hunt. Any living creature that fell before them. . . .

At last the sound, multiplied many times, swung away and merged with the distance. Blue relaxed to sleep.

Again it was morning and once more Blue was on the move. The chill seemed more intense this morning, and she traveled more slowly, her muscles and joints at last feeling the rigors of her journey. Her course of travel was still unerringly west, but her progress was retarded. Her feet were sore. The day before she had cut one of the pads. Frequently now she stopped to rest. Within her hunger was mounting.

Three times she had surprised game in the woods, and three times she had not been fast enough. It was afternoon before she chanced upon a wounded partridge and caught it. After that she felt strength welling back into her body and once more headed west.

* * * * *

FORT RICHARDS was a tiny village. Inside the small frame hospital big Charlie Horn lay in bed. He knew without being told that his condition was serious. The shock had been great. Much skin grafting would be necessary when—and if—he pulled through.

However, Doc Clayton's small staff held out little hope. They had done their best and it was now up to Charlie.

"He's sick mentally as well," the doctor admitted. "He doesn't care if he pulls through or not. He needs something more than we can give him."

From day to day Charlie lay in bed, trying not to think, getting thinner all the time. It was more than a physical injury. His friends were gone. It was the first time he had ever thought of them as such. He was their friend,

because they had often come to him for favors. But now he was alone.

It showed about Charlie's eyes and big body. Weight was falling away, his eyes were dull. He was tired and fed up. Anything would be better than this. Anything.

* * * * *

IT WAS late afternoon and the door was open into Charlie Horn's room. The nurse had been in to visit and Charlie had chased her out again.

Now he lay still, feeling a queer sense of defeat. He'd never be much good anymore. What was the difference? No one cared. He hadn't seen a familiar face since he'd come here. . . .

Out in the hall someone called, "Hey. Get out of here. Come back—"

Charlie opened his eyes. A frown gathered across his forehead and he lifted his head laboriously at the sound of running footsteps.

"Hey," the same voice protested. "Don't go in there—"

A blue-black figure skidded around the edge of the door and into the room. Charlie stared. Breath stuck in his throat, his big frame trembled.

"Blue!" he choked out. "Blue — why, you devil. Come here. Blue—"

* * * * *

BLUE was half way up on the bed, her travel-thinned body quivering with excitement as Charlie Horn's fingers dug into her fur. And Charlie closed his eyes against the blur of tears. His heart was swift, a lump formed in his throat.

Her presence brought back old memories with a rush, opening them before Charlie and giving them new vividness. He could smell the coffee and wood smoke mingling on the morning air; the hills, the trees and saw-dust pungent and sweet in his nostrils. It was part of him, a part he could not do without. That part still lived. He'd have to go back. . . .

And he had friends. Blue was one of them.

The nurse came in, worried and perplexed. "I'm sorry, Mr. Horn. I couldn't stop her—"

"Take it easy," Charlie warned. "Blue's my friend. She's staying." He grinned at the nurse's understanding smile. "You can get the grub up any time now."

"You told me you wouldn't want anything—"

"Can't a guy change his mind?" Charlie growled. His fingers dug deep into Blue's fur. He added, "Make it a double order. My friend here is hungry, too. She's come a long way."

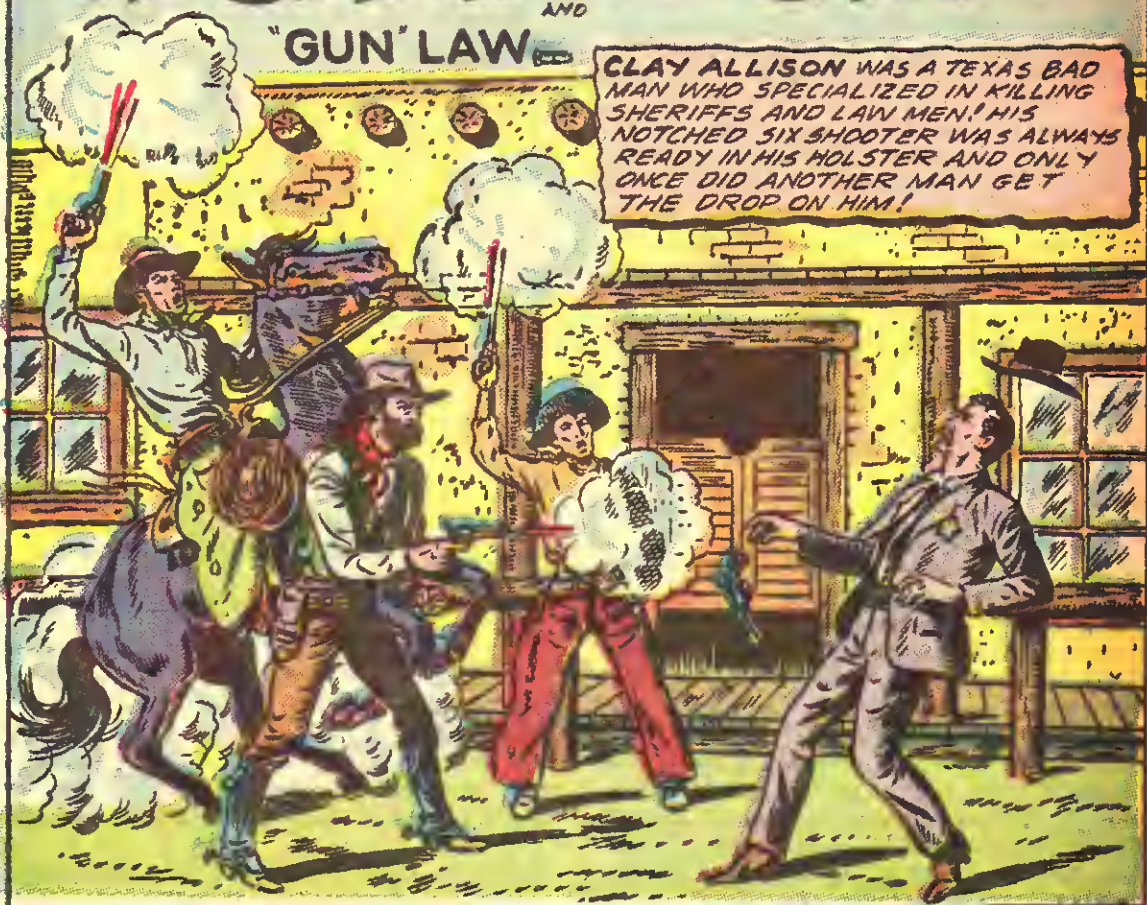
THE END

GUN LORE

"GUN" LAW

AND

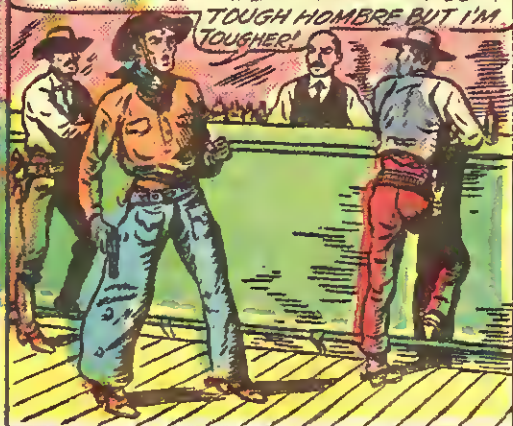
CLAY ALLISON WAS A TEXAS BAD MAN WHO SPECIALIZED IN KILLING SHERIFFS AND LAW MEN! HIS NOTCHED SIX SHOOTER WAS ALWAYS READY IN HIS HOLSTER AND ONLY ONCE DID ANOTHER MAN GET THE DROP ON HIM!



TIMARRON, NEW MEXICO—IN THE '70'S

WHAR IS HE? BRING ON THE CLAY ALLISON! AH GOT FOURTEEN NOTCHES IN MY GUN BUTT AN' AH WANT TO MAKE FIFTEEN! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A

TOUGH HOMBRE BUT I'M TOUGHER!



MEANWHILE, ALLISON RIDES INTO TOWN...

CLAY! THAR'S A GUY UP AT THE SILVER DOLLAR WHO'S GUNNIN' FER YE! HE CALLS HIMSELF CHUCK!

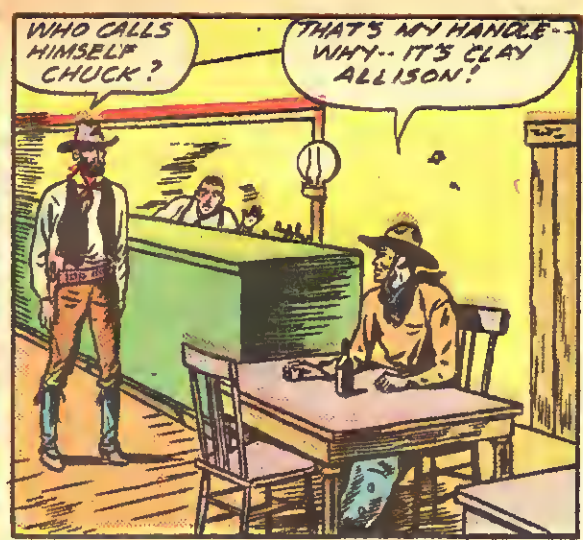
GOOD! THAR'S NOthin'D PLEASE ME MORE THAN A LITTLE SHOOTIN'!





LATER---
THET'S 'CLAY ALLISON!
RECKON HE'S GOIN'
AFTER CHUCK!

LET'S MOSEY
ALONG--THAR'LL
BE LEAD FLYIN'
SOON!

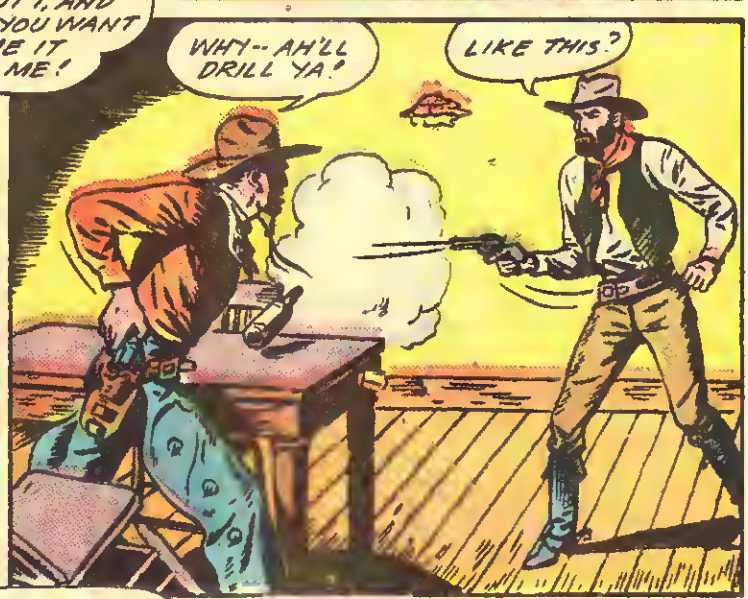


WHO CALLS
HIMSELF
CHUCK?

THAT'S MY HANDLE--
WHY-- IT'S CLAY
ALLISON!



AH HERE YOU WANT
ANOTHER NOTCH IN
YOUR GUN BUTT, AND
AH HEAR YOU WANT
TO NAME IT
FER ME!



WHY-- AH'LL
DRILL YA!

LIKE THIS?



NO- YOU WAR
RIGHT, CLAY--
YOU WAR RIGHT!



A FEW DAYS LATER, ALLISON RECEIVES A
VISITOR AT HIS RANCH--
COME AHEAD,
STRANGER! JUST KEEP
YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR
SHOOTIN' IRON!

ARE YOU CLAY
ALLISON? I'D LIKE
TO COME IN!



MY NAME'S MACE BOWMAN AN' I COME TO FIND OUT WHY YOU KILLED MY NEPHEW CHUCK!

HE TRIED TO GIT ME! I SHOT FUST-- AN' AH'LL DO THE SAME TO YOU!



HAW! HAW! LISTEN-- YOU CAN DRAW--- BUT I'LL BEAT YOU EVERY TIME! YOU CAN SHOOT ME-- BUT I'LL DRILL YOU BEFORE I DROP!

WHY YOU---



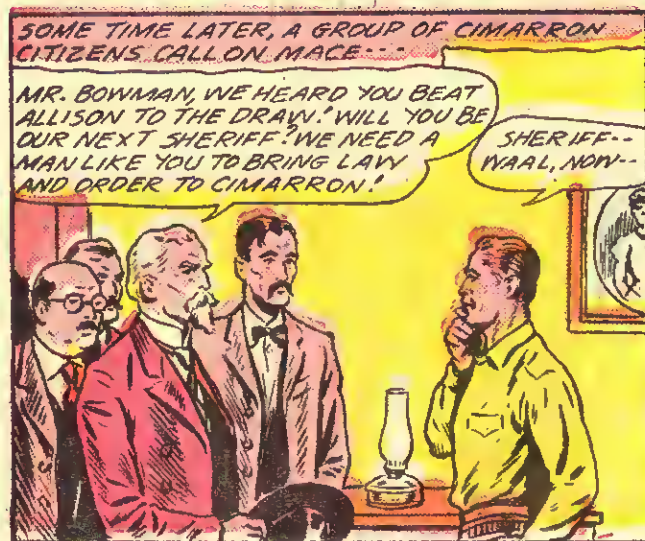
SEE WHAT I MEAN?

AH'LL-- YOU BEAT ME!



NO MAN EVER BEAT ME ON THE DRAW--- YOU SIDE-WINDIN' DRY-GULCHER!

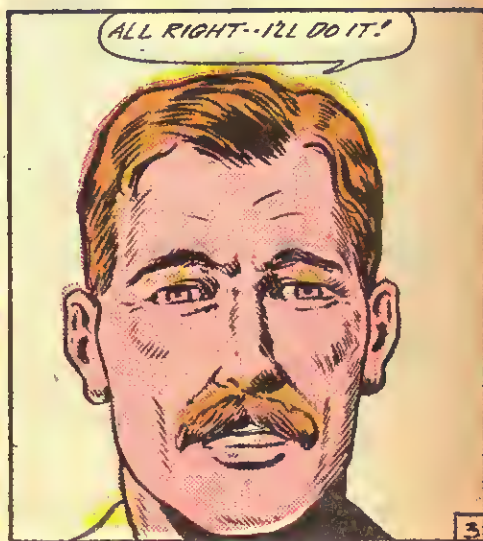
HAW! HAW! LISTEN TO HIM! WAAL-- I DON'T MIND YE DRILLIN' MY GOOD FOR NOTHIN' NEPHEW-- BUT DON'T TRY NO TRICKS ON ME!



SOME TIME LATER, A GROUP OF CIMARRON CITIZENS CALL ON MACE---

MR. BOWMAN, WE HEARD YOU BEAT ALLISON TO THE DRAW. WILL YOU BE OUR NEXT SHERIFF? WE NEED A MAN LIKE YOU TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO CIMARRON!

SHERIFF-- WAAL, NOW--



ALL RIGHT-- I'LL DO IT!

A FEW WEEKS PASS, AND THEN BAD MAN ALLISON DECIDES TO TEST THE NEW SHERIFF...

ALLISON, GET OUT OF TOWN! I'M GIVIN' YA FAIR WARNIN'--RIDE OFF AND DON'T LOOK BACK, OR I'LL PUMP LEAD INTO YA!

SURE, SHERIFF! LET'S GO, BOYS!



HEY, SHERIFF! AH'M LOOKIN' BACK! HAW! HAW!

HAW! HAW! WE'RE OUT OF GUN RANGE--HE'LL NEVER REACH US HERE!



I RECKON I CAN REACH 'EM WITH THIS BUFFALO GUN!



WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS TOWN!

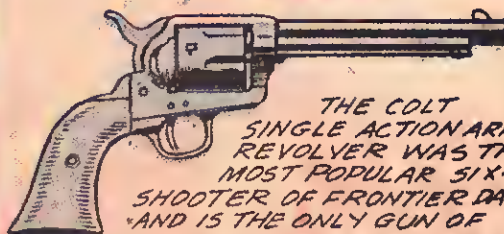
YUP! AN' WE'LL STAY OUT--CIMARRON IS NO PLACE FOR A BAD MAN!

XING!



THIS IS ONLY PART OF THE SAGA OF CLAY ALLISON, ONE OF THE WORST BAD MEN OF THE WEST! BUT HE WAS A CLEAN GUN FIGHTER AND NEVER WENT AFTER AN UNARMED MAN!

GUN TIPS.

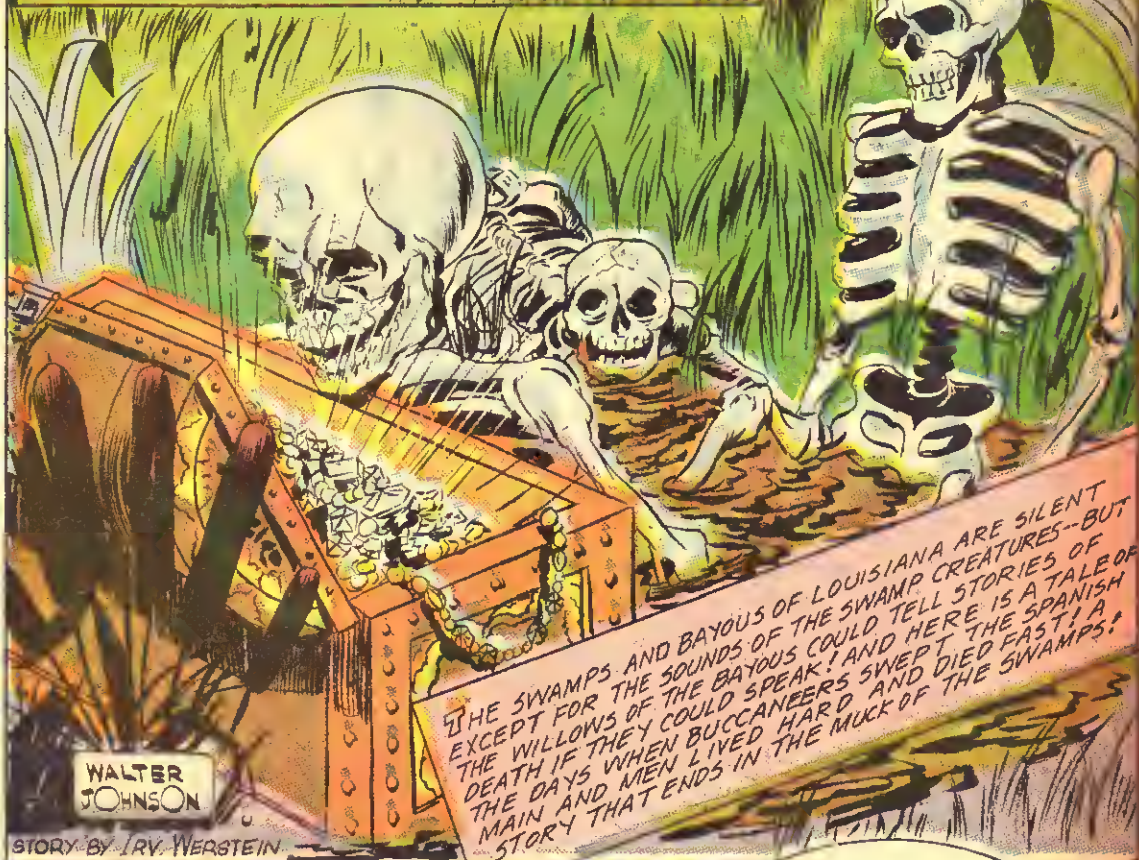


THE COLT SINGLE ACTION ARMY REVOLVER WAS THE MOST POPULAR SIX-SHOOTER OF FRONTIER DAYS, AND IS THE ONLY GUN OF THAT PERIOD STILL MANUFACTURED---IT HAS BEEN MADE IN ALL CALIBERS FROM .32 TO .45--ALWAYS THE SAME FRAME, SIMPLY BORED FOR DIFFERENT SIZE CARTRIDGES.



POT O GOLD

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WALTER
JOHNSON

STORY BY IRV. WERSTEIN

THE SWAMPS AND BAYOUS OF LOUISIANA ARE SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE SOUNDS OF THE SWAMP CREATURES--BUT THE WILLOWS OF THE BAYOUS COULD TELL STORIES OF DEATH IF THEY COULD SPEAK! AND HERE IS A TALE OF THE DAYS WHEN BUCCANEERS SWEEPED THE SPANISH MAIN AND MEN LIVED HARD AND DIED FAST! A STORY THAT ENDS IN THE MUCK OF THE SWAMPS!

IN THE CAMP OF THE PIRATE JEAN LAFITTE...

SO, YE FILTHY SWAB,
YE'LL DISAGREE WITH
LAFITTE, EH?

NO, I
DIDN'T MEAN
ANYTHING!



CUT THROAT!
YE'VE SLAPPED
THE LAST
OF US
AROUND!
WE WON'T
STAND IT
NO
MORE!

I'LL
SLICE
YER HEART
OUT! YE
DOG!
LEAVE HIM
ALONE!

HO! YE
LAND CRABS!
SO YE THINK TO
MATCH STEEL
WITH JEAN
LAFITTE?

WITH HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND
SPEED THE PIRATE CHIEF DISARMS
THE ATTACKERS AND THEN----

HO! HO! YE FIGHT LIKE
WOMEN! AN' I'LL TREAT YE
BOTH LIKE NAUGHTY
HUSSIES!

NO!
OH MY
BACK!

OWW!

HO!
HO!
HO!

NOW, YE LUBBERS! GET
OUTA ME CAMP! GET INTO
THE SWAMP MUD WHERE
YE BELONG!

B-BUT--

AN' DON'T
LET ME FIND YE
SKULKING AROUND
THESE PARTS OR I'LL
TEAR THE GIZZARDS
OUT OF YE!

THE BANISHED TRIO HESITATE ON THE
EDGE OF THE SWAMP---

ODD FISH!
WHAT WILL
WE DO?

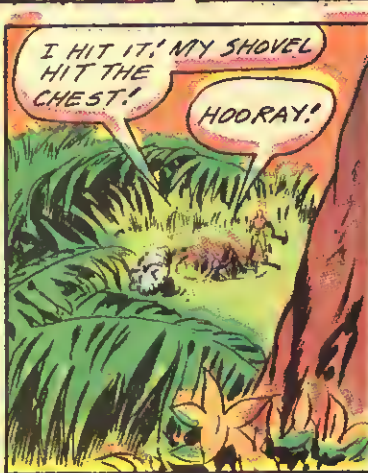
WE'RE
GONERS!

THINK YE
THAT! NOT
SO, SAY
I!

DO YE SWABS KNOW
WHAT THIS IS? IT'S
THE MAP OF LAFITTE'S
TREASURE
CACHE!

SHIVER
ME TIMBERS--
HOW DID YE
WORK
THAT?

I WAS ON THE PARTY WHICH CACHED THE
TREASURE AN' I MAPPED IT--EVERY
BLOODY INCH O' THE WAY! HA! HA!
ME HEARTIES--WE'RE ON OUR WAY
TO FORTUNE AN' IT'S SHARE
AND SHARE ALIKE!







LUCKY LUCRE



WHEN ED DONBY AND HIS WIFE THOUGHT THEY CAME INTO UNCLE WILLIE'S FORTUNE, THEY WENT ON A MAD SPENDING SPREE---BUT UNCLE WILLIE, WHO HATED THEM BOTH, HAD THE LAST LAUGH EVEN THOUGH HE WAS DEEP IN HIS GRAVE!

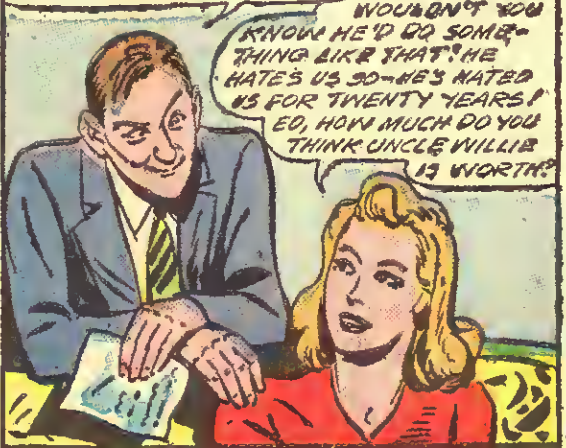
ONE EVENING, ED DONBY GETS A LETTER--

WHY THIS IS FROM UNCLE WILLIE! AND--AND--
--WHY--HE'S LEAVING US HIS WHOLE FORTUNE
--HE SAYS HE WANTS TO LEAVE IT WHERE
IT WILL DO THE MOST HARM!

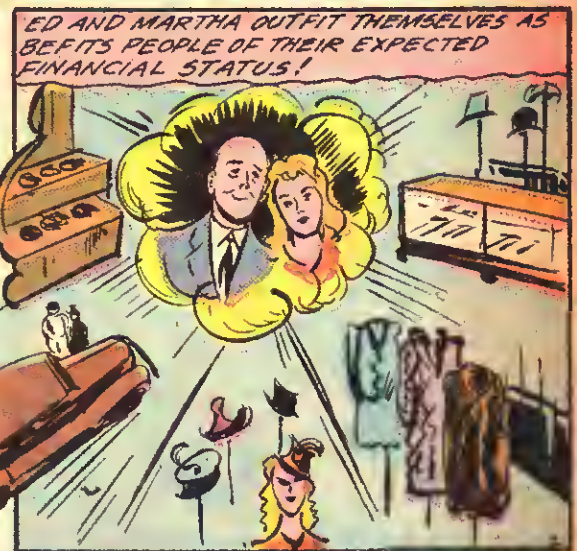
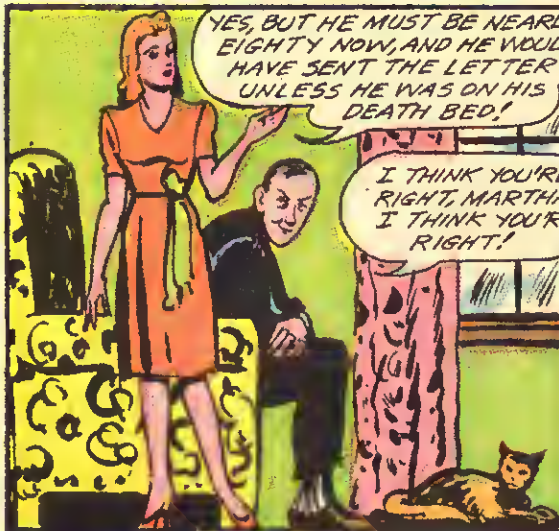
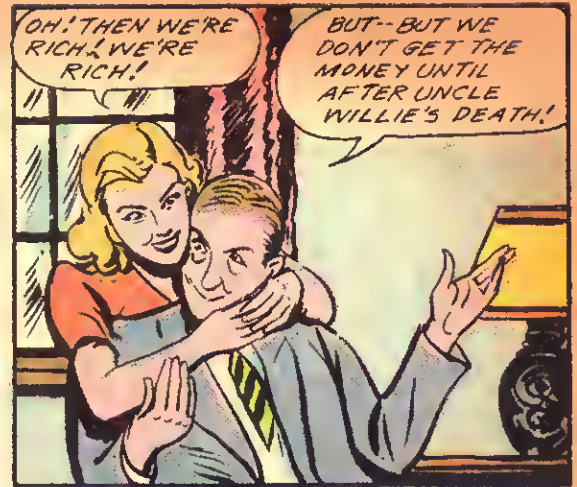
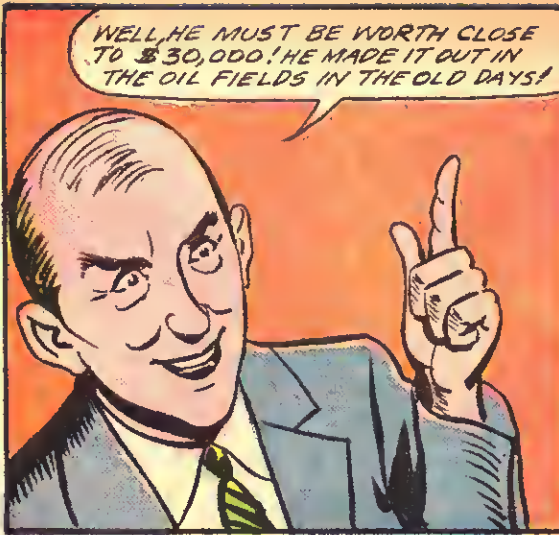


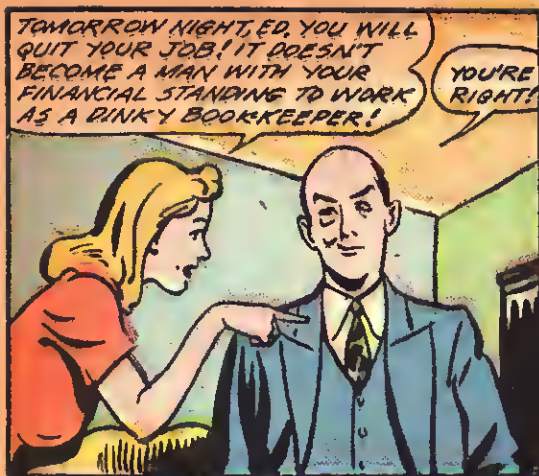
"THE OLD SCOUNDREL!
WHAT ELSE DOES HE SAY?"

HE SAYS THAT THE ONLY CONDITION TO US GETTING THE MONEY IS FOR US NEVER TO WRITE TO HIM, OR TO INQUIRE WHETHER HE IS DEAD OR ALIVE!



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW HE'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT? HE HATES US SO--HE'S HATED US FOR TWENTY YEARS! ED, HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK UNCLE WILLIE IS WORTH?





TOMORROW NIGHT, ED, YOU WILL QUIT YOUR JOB! IT DOESN'T BECOME A MAN WITH YOUR FINANCIAL STANDING TO WORK AS A DINKY BOOK-KEEPER!

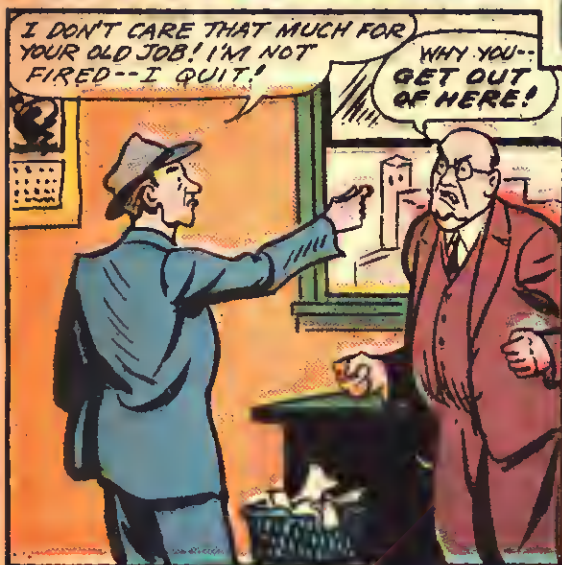
YOU'RE RIGHT!



THE NEXT MORNING---

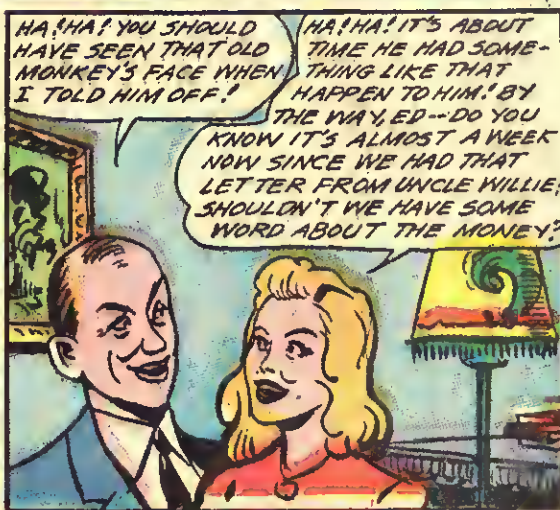
MR. BIXBY--I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING! YOU'RE A FUSSY OLD CRACKPOT, AND BESIDES YOU'RE A SOUR PUSS!

WHAT? WHY YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND! YOU'RE FIRED!



I DON'T CARE THAT MUCH FOR YOUR OLD JOB! I'M NOT FIRED--I QUIT!

WHY YOU-- GET OUT OF HERE!



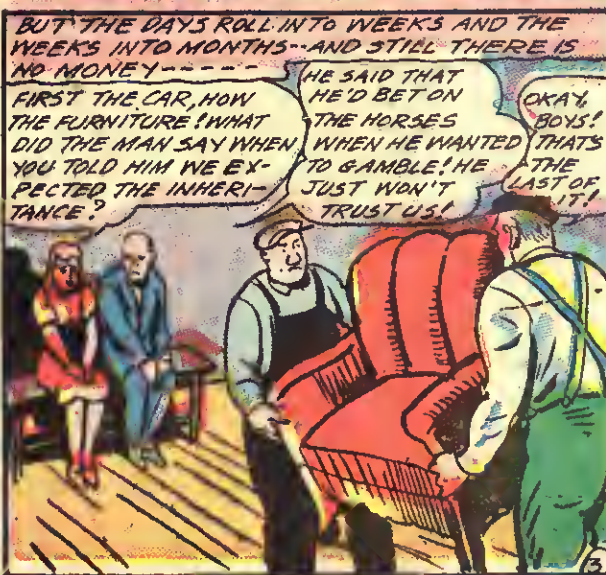
HA, HA! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT OLD MONKEY'S FACE WHEN I TOLD HIM OFF!

HA, HA! IT'S ABOUT TIME HE HAD SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN TO HIM! BY THE WAY, ED--DO YOU

KNOW IT'S ALMOST A WEEK NOW SINCE WE HAD THAT LETTER FROM UNCLE WILLIE? SHOULDN'T WE HAVE SOME WORD ABOUT THE MONEY?



WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THOSE THINGS ARE--IT MAY TAKE ANOTHER COUPLE OF DAYS.. BUT THAT MONEY IS AS GOOD AS IN OUR POCKET RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

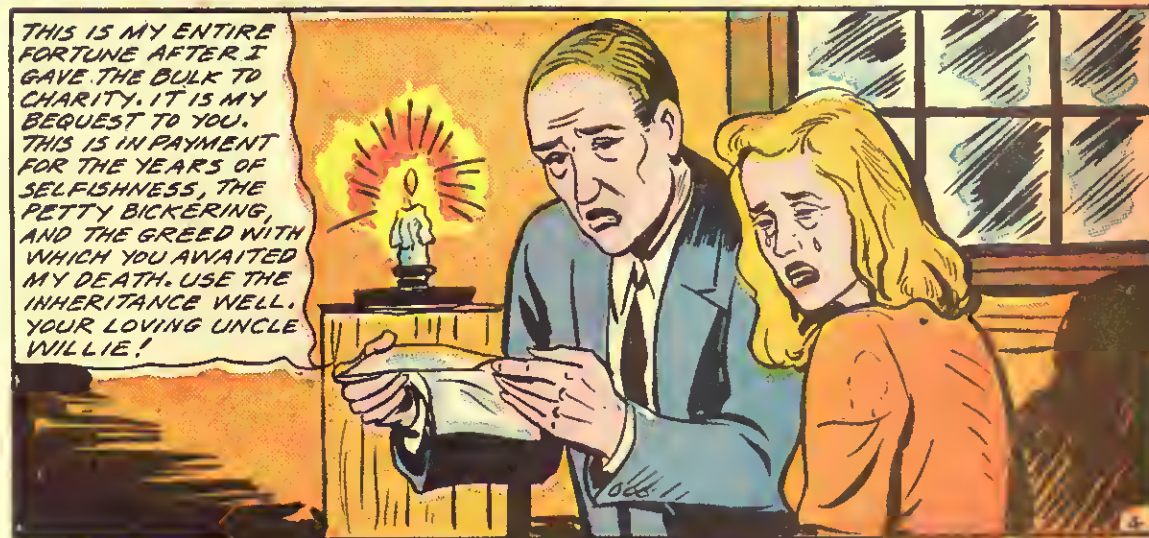
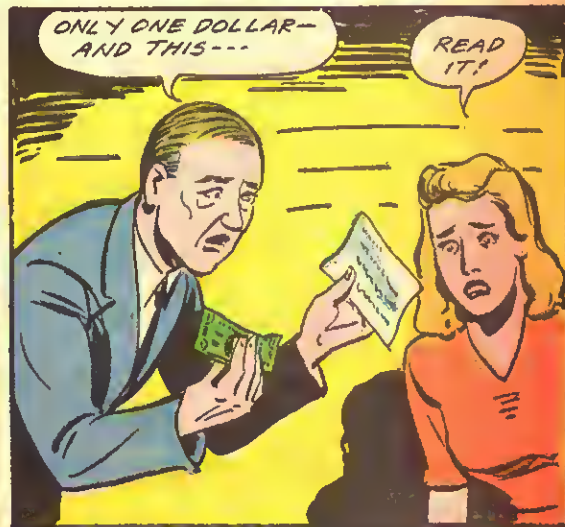
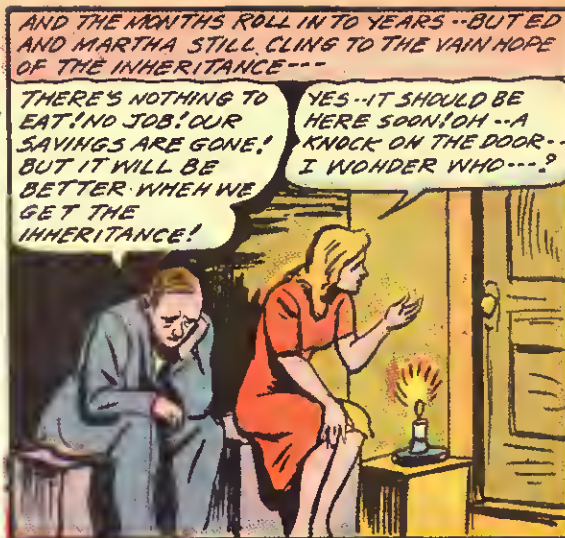


BUT THE DAYS ROLL INTO WEEKS AND THE WEEKS INTO MONTHS--AND STILL THERE IS NO MONEY-----

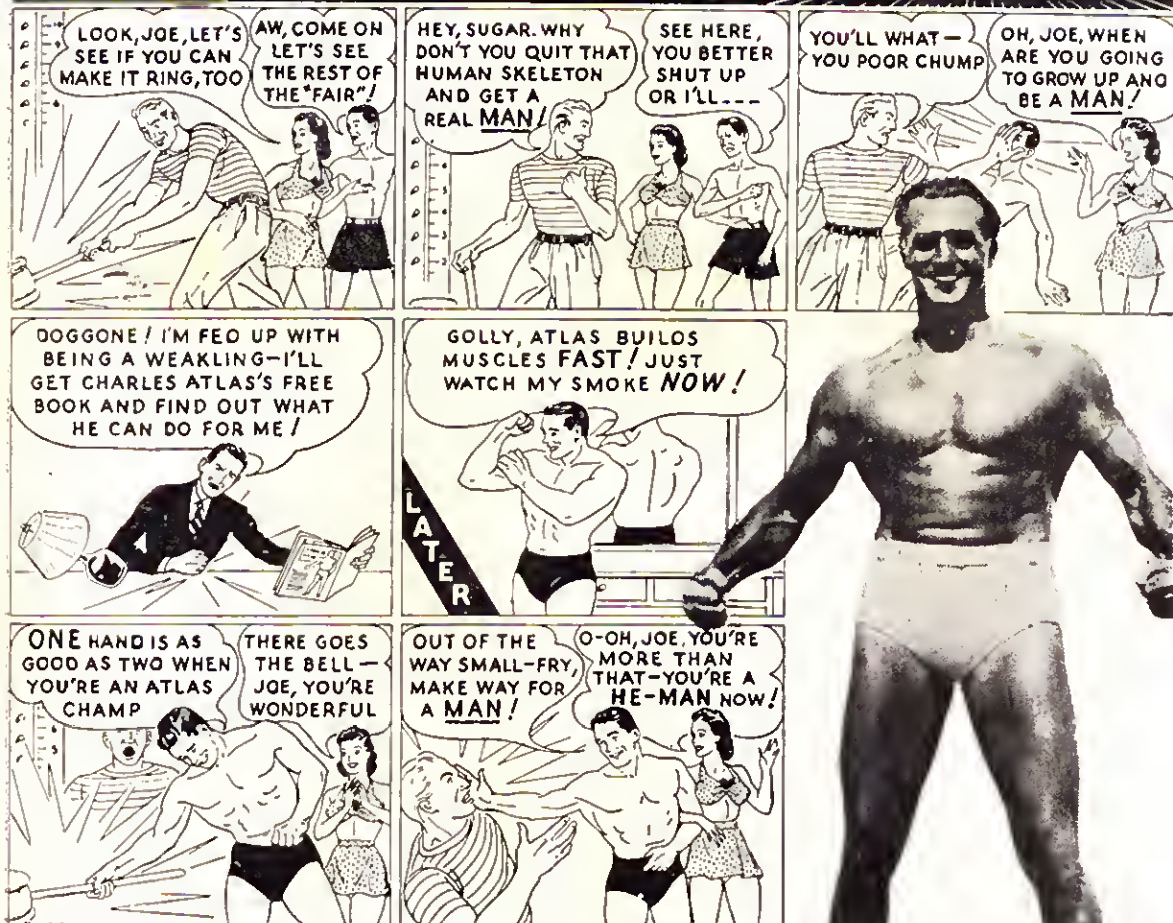
FIRST THE CAR, NOW THE FURNITURE! WHAT DID THE MAN SAY WHEN YOU TOLD HIM WE EXPECTED THE INHERITANCE?

HE SAID THAT HE'D BET ON THE HORSES WHEN HE WANTED TO GAMBLE! HE JUST WON'T TRUST US!

OKAY, BOYS! THAT'S THE LAST OF IT!



The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your steps! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 6912 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 6912,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

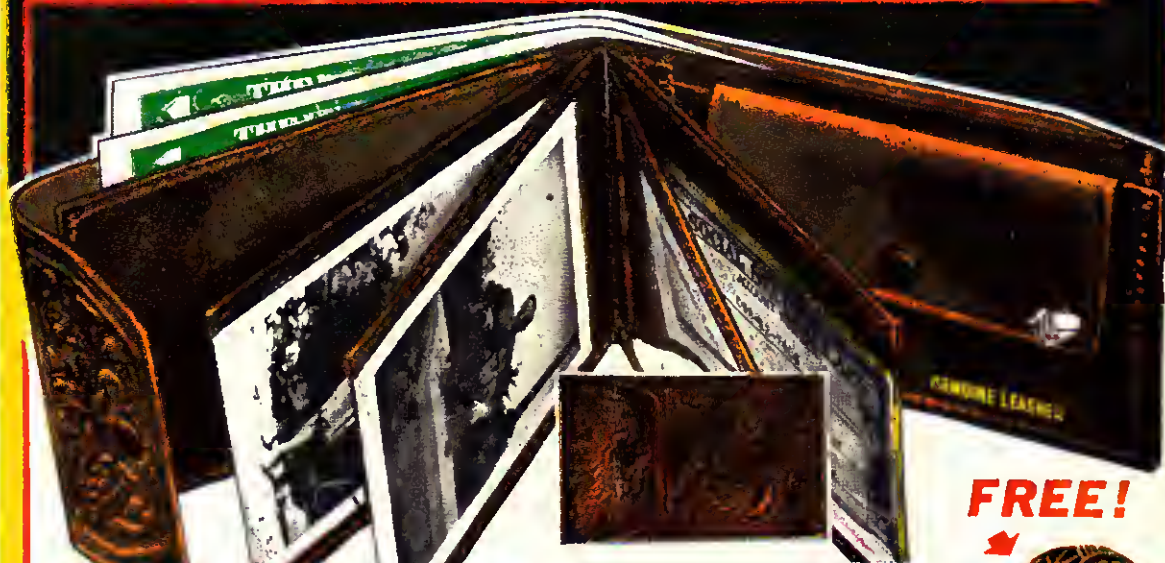
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☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

AN OUTSTANDING VALUE!!

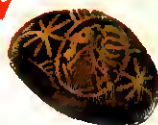


Handsome Saddle Design
on reverse side



FREE!

For promptness in ordering we will include with your wallet a carved Indian Head Ring. Matches the "Boots and Saddle" design of wallet. Ring is our FREE Gift for promptness.



Genuine Leather WALLET

PASS CASE AND COIN PURSE

A Big 3 in 1 Combination

Only **\$1.98**

Generally sold for at least **\$3.00**

Leather today is scarce! A good leather wallet at a reasonable price is almost impossible to get. Therefore, this is news—BIG NEWS—a genuine leather wallet for only \$1.98. Quality wallets like this one usually sell in the better stores for \$3 and more.

These wallets are stamped "genuine leather" and are as smart looking as they are useful. They come in a rich brown leather beautifully embossed in the latest Western "Boots and Saddle" design. The wallets have a roomy, easy-to-get-at pocket with safety snap flap for currency, checks, important papers, snap flap coin purse, 4 celluloid pockets for photos, identification cards, social security card — 1 extra leather compartment for odds and ends.

No picture can do these wallets justice—they must be seen to be appreciated. But act quickly—NOW—for due to the acute shortage of fine leather we cannot guarantee that this offer will appear again.

5-DAY FREE EXAMINATION! See one of these handsome wallets yourself. Compare it with wallets selling for twice the price. Then if you don't think you made a real "find" return it and get your money back. Clip "free examination" coupon now.
SIMMONS CO., 30 Church Street, Dept B 14 New York 7, N. Y.

SIMMONS CO.

30 Church St., Dept B 14 New York 7, N. Y.

Send me one of these smart genuine leather wallets. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. It is agreed that if I'm not pleased I will return wallet within 5 days for refund.

Name _____

Address _____

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(PLEASE PRINT)

Check here ☐ If you send \$2 with order we will pay all postal charges.

See to war-
time conditions this emergency offer may not appear again. ACT NOW!